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WILL. SHAKSPEARE'S

CHOICEST

P L A Y S.



VOLUME I.

Romeo and Juliet.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

STUTTGART,
PRINTED FOR CHARLES HOFFMANN.

1828.



TO
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
CHARLOTTE,
QUEEN DOWAGER OF WÜRTTEMBERG,
PRINCESS OF GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
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Providence, in placing *Your Majesty* in so high a condition has done as much for the inhabitants of this country as for You: the profound knowledge of Your spirit, and the royal kindness of Your heart being equal to Your rank.

With this benevolence and kindness, that has procured to *Your Majesty* the noble epithet of „*the mother of the country*“ You have not refused to cover with the protection of Your most royal name this enterprise for the propagation of english literature.

Permit me then, *most royal Madam*, to express to *Your Majesty*, the purest thanks of

my heart. Collect all the sentiments of gratitude and veneration , which , in this country , raise to heaven for *Your* bounty's sake, and they will prove the purest gem of *Your* crown.

May it please *Your Majesty*, the lawful heiress of the throne of Great-Britain , to accept as *Your Due* the „literary treasures of England.“

I have the honour to be with the utmost
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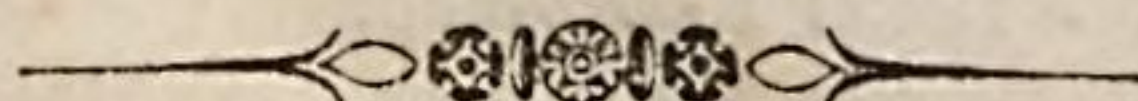
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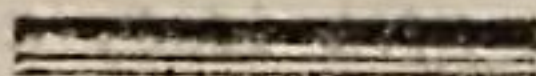
ROMEO AND JULIET.



A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ESCALUS, *prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses, at variance with each*
CAPULET, } *other.*

An Old Man, uncle to Capulet.

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to lady Capulet.*

Friar LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

Friar JOHN, *of the same order.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

CHORUS. *Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an Officer.*

Lady MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

Lady CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE. — *during the greater part of the Play, in Verona: once in the fifth Act, at Mantua.*

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
Fair ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage:
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

A C T I.

SCENE I. — *A public place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sampson. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals!

Gregory. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sampson. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gregory. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sampson. I stricke quickly, being moved.

Gregory. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sampson. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gregory. To move, is — to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sampson. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's

Gregory. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sampson. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: — therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gregory. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sampson. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gregory. The heads of the maids?

Sampson. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gregory. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sampson. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gregory. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sampson. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gregory. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sampson. Fear me not.

Gregory. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sampson. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gregory. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sampson. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson. I do bite my thumb, sir!

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson. Is the law on our side, if I say — ay?

Gregory. No.

Sampson. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir!

Gregory. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abram. Quarrel, sir? no, sir!

Sampson. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man, as you.

Abram. No better.

Sampson. Well, sir!

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gregory. Say — better, here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sampson. Yes, better, sir!

Abram. You lie.

Sampson. Draw, if you be men! — Gregory, remember thy swashing blow! *[They fight.]*

Benvolio. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do! *[Beats down their swords.]*

Enter TYBALT.

Tybalt. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death!

Benvolio. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me!

Tybalt. What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee!
Have at thee, coward! *[They fight.]*

*Enter several partizans of both houses, who join the fray;
then enter Citizens, with clubs.*

1 Citizen. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Capulet. What noise is this? — Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady Capulet. A crutch, a crutch! — Why call you for a sword?

Capulet. My sword, I say! — Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE, and Lady MONTAGUE.

Montague. Thou villain, Capulet! — Hold me not, let me go!

Lady Montague. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? — What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince. —
Three civils brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away:
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart!

[Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants.]

Montague. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Benvolio. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
 I drew to part them; in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Lady Montague. O, where is Romeo? — saw you him
 to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Benvolio. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
 Where, — underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side, —
 So early walking did I see your son:
 Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood:
 I, measuring his affections by my own, —
 That most are busied when they are most alone, —

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Montague. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Benvolio. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Montague. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Benvolio. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Montague. Both by myself, and many other friends.
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say, how true —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Benvolio. See where he comes! So please you, step
aside!

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Montague. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. — Come, madam, let's away!

[Exeunt Montague and Lady.]

Benvolio. Good morrow, cousin!

Romeo. Is the day so young?

Benvolio. But new struck nine.

Romeo. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Benvolio. It was. — What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Benvolio. In love?

Romeo. Out —

Benvolio. Of love?

Romeo. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Benvolio. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Romeo. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love. —
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! —

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Benvolio. No, coz, I rather weep.

Romeo. Good heart, at what?

Benvolio. At thy good heart's oppression.

Romeo. Why, such is love's transgression. —
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine; this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke, rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire, sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea, nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz!

[Going.]

Benvolio. Soft, I will go along;
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Romeo. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Benvolio. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Romeo. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Benvolio. Groan? why, no!

But sadly tell me, who.

Romeo. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Benvolio. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Romeo. A right good marksman!— And she's fair I love.

Benvolio. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Romeo. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Benvolio. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Romeo. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Benvolio. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Romeo. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Benvolio. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Romeo. 'Tis the way

To call her's, exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Show me a mistress, that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell! thou canst not teach me to forget.

Benvolio. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Capulet. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Paris. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Capulet. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Capulet. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:

Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me! — Go, sirrah! trudge about
 Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there, [*Gives a paper.*] and to
 them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Servant. Find them out, whose names are written
 here? It is written — that the shoemaker should meddle
 with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher
 with his pencil, and the painter with his nets: but I am
 sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ,
 and can never find what names the writing person hath
 here writ. I must to the learned. — In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Benvolio. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
 One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Benvolio. For what, I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Benvolio. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Romeo. Not mad, but bound more, than a madman
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipp'd, and tormented, and — Good e'en, good fellow.

Servant. God gi' good e'en. — I pray, sir, can you read?

Romeo. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Servant. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
 But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Romeo. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Servant. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

Romeo. Stay, fellow! I can read.

[*Reads.*]

*Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County An-
 selme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitru-
 vio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio,
 and his brother Valentine: mine uncle Capulet, his wife*

and daughters ; my fair niece Rosaline ; Livia ; Signior Valentio , and his cousin Tybalt ; Lucio , and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly ; [*Gives back the note.*] Whither should they come ?

Servant. Up.

Romeo. Whither ?

Servant. To supper ; to our house.

Romeo. Whose house ?

Servant. My master's.

Romeo. Indeed , I should have asked you that before.

Servant. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet ; and if you be not of the house of Montagues , I pray , come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit*

Benvolio. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline , whom thou so lov'st ; With all the admired beauties of Verona : Go thither ; and with unattainted eye , Compare her face with some that I shall show , And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Romeo. When the devout religion of mine eye Maintains such falsehood , than turn tears to fires ! And these , — who , often drown'd , could never die , — Transparent heretics , be burnt for liars ! One fairer than my love ! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match , since first the world begun.

Benvolio. Tut ! you saw her fair , none else being by , Herself pois'd with herself in either eye : But in those crystal scales , let there be weigh'd Your lady's love against some other maid That I will show you , shining at this feast , And she shall scant show well , that now shows best.

Romeo. I'll go along , no such sight to be shown , But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A room in CAPULET'S house.*

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady Capulet. Nurse , where's my daughter ? call her forth to me !

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head, — at twelve year old, —

I bade her come. — What, lamb! what, ladybird! —
God forbid! where's this girl? what Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Juliet. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Juliet. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

Lady Capulet. This is the matter: — Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret. — Nurse, come back again!
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel,
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady Capulet. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, —
She is not fourteen; how long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

Lady Capulet. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Some Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she, — God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age. — Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it, —
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua: —
Nay, I do bear a brain: but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years :
 For then she could stand alone ; nay , by the rood ,
 She could have run and waddled all about .
 For even the day before , she broke her brow :
 And then my husband — God be with his soul !
 'A was a merry man ; — took up the child :
Yea , quoth he , dost thou fall upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backwards when thou hast more wit ;
Wilt thou not , Jule ? and , by my holy-dam ,
 The pretty wretch left crying , and said — *Ay :*
 To see now , how a jest shall come about !
 I warrant , an I should live a thousand years ,
 I never should forget it ; *Wilt thou not , Jule ?* quoth he :
 And , pretty fool , it stinted , and said — *Ay .*

Lady Capulet. Enough of this ; I pray thee , hold thy peace !

Nurse. Yes , madam ! Yet I cannot choose but laugh ,
 To think it should leave crying ; and say — *Ay :*
 And yet , I warrant , it had upon is brow
 A bump as big , as a young cockrel's stone ;
 A parlous knock ; and it cried bitterly .
Yea , quoth my husband , fall'st upon thy face ?
Thou wilt fall backward , when thou com'st to age ;
Wilt thou not , Jule ? it stinted , and said — *Ay .*

Juliet. And stint thou too , I pray thee , nurse , say I !

Nurse. Peace , I have done . God mark thee to his grace !
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd :
 An I might live to see thee married once ,
 I have my wish .

Lady Capulet. Marry , that marry is the very theme
 I came to talk of . — Tell me , daughter Juliet ,
 How stands your disposition to be married ?

Juliet. It is an honour that I dream not of .

Nurse. An honour ! were not I thine only nurse ,
 I'd say , thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat .

Lady Capulet. Well , think of marriage now ; younger
 than you ,
 Here in Verona , ladies of esteem ,
 Are made already mothers : by my count ,
 I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief; —
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world — Why, he's a man of wax.

Lady Capulet. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower!

Lady Capulet. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

Lady Capulet. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Juliet. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight!

Lady Capulet. We follow thee! — Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.

Romeo. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Benvolio. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Romeo. Give me a torch, — I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mercutio. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Romeo. Not I, believe me! you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mercutio. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Romeo. I am too sore empierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mercutio. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Romeo. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boistrous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mercutio. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. —
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[Putting on a mask.]

A visor for a visor! — what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Benvolio. Come, knock, and enter! and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Romeo. A torch for me! let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase, —
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on, —
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. — Come, we burn day-light, ho!

Romeo. Nay, that's not so.

Mercutio. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Romeo. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mercutio. Why, may one ask?

Romeo. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mercutio. And so did I.

Romeo. Well, what was yours?

Mercutio. That dreamers often lie.

Romeo. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mercutio. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger, than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long-spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big, as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tale,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night :
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear.
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This, this is she —

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace !
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mercutio. True, I talk of dreams ;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
 Which is as thin of substance, as the air ;
 And more inconstant, than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Benvolio. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-
 selves ;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Romeo. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But he, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail! — On, lusty gentlemen!

Benvolio. Strike, drum!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. — *A hall in CAPULET's house.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Servant. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Servant. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Servant. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate: — good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grind-stone, and Nell. — Antony! and Potpan!

2 Servant. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Servant. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Servant. We cannot be here and there, too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, etc. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Capulet. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes.

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you: —
 Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
 Will now deny to dance? she, that makes dainty, she,
 I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?
 You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
 That I have worn a visor; and could tell
 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please; — 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone!
 You are welcome, gentlemen! — Come, musicians, play!
 A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls!

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. —
 Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well!
 Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet!
 For you and I are past our dancing days:
 How long is't now, since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask?

2 *Capulet*. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Capulet*. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much!

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio.
 Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
 Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Capulet*. 'Tis more, 'tis more! his son is elder, sir!
 His son is thirty!

1 *Capulet*. Will you tell me that?
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

Romeo. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
 Of yonder knight?

Servant. I know not, sir.

Romeo. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tybalt. This, by his voice, should be a Montague: —
 Fetch me my rapier, boy! — What! dares the slave
 Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Capulet*. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tybalt. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Capulet*. Young Romeo is't?

Tybalt. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Capulet*. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not, for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tybalt. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 *Capulet*. He shall be endur'd:
What, Goodman boy! — I say, he shall! — Go to! —
Am I the master here, or you? go to!
You'll not endure him! — God shall mend my soul —
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tybalt. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Capulet*. Go to, go to!
You are a saucy boy! — Is't so, indeed? —
This trick may chance to scathe you; — I know what,
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time —
Well said, my hearts: — you are a princ Cox; go! —
Be quiet, or — More light, more light, for shame! —
I'll make you quiet. What! — Cheerly, my hearts.

Tybalt. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.

Romeo. If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this, — [To Juliet,

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Juliet. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands, that pilgrims' hand do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Romeo. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Juliet. Ay, pilgrim, lips, that they must use in prayer.

Romeo. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Juliet. Saints do not move, though grant for prayer's
sake.

Romeo. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I
take.

Thus from my lips, by your my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

Juliet. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Romeo. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Juliet. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you,

Romeo. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, — he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Romeo. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Benvolio. Away, begone! the sport is at the best.

Romeo. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 Capulet. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone:
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. —

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night! —

More torches here! — Come on, then let's to bed!

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late,

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Juliet. Come hither, nurse! What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Juliet. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Juliet. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Juliet. Go, ask his name! — if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Juliet. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Juliet. A rhyme I learnd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet.

Nurse. Anon, anon! —
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*

A C T II.

SCENE I. — *An open place, adjoining CAPULET'S garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Benvolio. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mercutio. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Benvolio. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio!

Mercutio. Nay, I'll conjure too. —

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but — Ah me! couple but — love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid. —

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. —

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Benvolio. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mercutio. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting in there stand,

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

That were some spite: my invocation

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Benvolio. Come, he hath hid himself among those
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mercutio. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone. —
Romeo, good night! — I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Benvolio. Go, then! for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — CAPULET'S garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet. Ah me!

Romeo. She speaks: —

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Juliet. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[*Aside.*]

Juliet. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy; —
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that, which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Romeo. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Juliet. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
 night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Romeo. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name , dear saint , is hateful to myself ,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written , I would tear the word.

Juliet. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of the tongue's utterance , yet I know the sound ;
Art thou not Romeo , and a Montague ?

Romeo. Neither , fair saint , if either thee dislike.

Juliet. How cam'st thou hither , tell me ? and where-
fore ?

The orchard walls are high , and hard to climb ;
And the place death , considering who thou art ,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Romeo. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do , that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Juliet. If they do see thee , they will murder thee.

Romeo. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye ,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet ,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Juliet. I would not for the world , they saw thee here.

Romeo. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight ;

And , but thou love me , let them find me here :
My life were better ended by their hate ,
Than death prorogued , wanting of thy love.

Juliet. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ?

Romeo. By love , who first did prompt me to inquire ;
He lent me counsel , and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet , wert thou as far ,
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea ,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face ;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form , fain , fain deny

What I have spoke ; but farewell compliment !
 Dost love me ? I know thou wilt say — Ay ;
 And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Romeo. What shall I swear by ?

Juliet. Do not swear at all !
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Romeo. If my heart's dear love —

Juliet. Well, do not swear ! although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contráct to-night :
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say — It lightens. Sweet, good night !
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
 Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

Romeo. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Juliet. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Romeo. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Juliet. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Romeo. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Juliet. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse! — Sweet Montague, be true!

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Romeo. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Juliet. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed,
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Juliet. I come anon. — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee, —

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.

Juliet. By and by, I come: —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Romeo. So thrive my soul, —

Juliet. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Romeo. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Juliet. Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Juliet. Romeo!

Romeo. My sweet!

Juliet. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Romeo. At the hour of nine.

Juliet. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.

Juliet. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Romeo. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Juliet. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further, than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Romeo. I would I were thy bird.

Juliet. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say — good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Romeo. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *Friar LAURENCE's cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Friar. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo. Good morrow, father!

Friar. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art uprous'd by some distemp'rature;
 Or if not so, then there I hit it right —
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Romeo. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Friar. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Romeo. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no.
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Friar. That's my good son: but where hast thou been then?

Romeo. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies:
 I hear no hatred, blessed man; for lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Friar. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Romeo. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass: but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us this day.

Friar. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! What a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet:
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then:
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Romeo. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Friar. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Romeo. And bad'st me bury love.

Friar. Not in a grave,
 To lay one in, another out to have.

Romeo. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
 Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
 The other did not so.

Friar. O, she knew well,
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
 But come, young waverer, come go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Romeo. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Friar. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *A street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mercutio. Where the devil should this Romeo be? —
 Came he not home to-night?

Benvolio. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mercutio. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
 that Rosaline,
 Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Benvolio. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mercutio. A challenge, on my life.

Benvolio. Romeo will answer it.

Mercutio. Any man, that can write, may answer a
 letter.

Benvolio. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mercutio. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's buttshaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Benvolio. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mercutio. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, — of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay! —

Benvolio. The what?

Mercutio. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes! these new turners of accents! — *By Jesu, a very good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good whore! —* Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand-sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez moi's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Benvolio. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo!

Mercutio. Without his roe, like a dried herring: — O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! — Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; — marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. — Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mercutio. The slip, sir, the slip. Can you not conceive?

Romeo. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mercutio. That's as much as to say — such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning — to court'sy.

Mercutio. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo. A most courteous exposition.

Mercutio. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Romeo. Pink for flower.

Mercutio. Right.

Romeo. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mercutio. Well said. Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing solely singular.

Romeo. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mercutio. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Romeo. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mercutio. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Romeo. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mercutio. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Romeo. Nay, good goose, bite not!

Mercutio. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

Romeo. And is it not well served into a sweet goose?

Mercutio. O, here's a wit ef cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Romeo. I stretch it out for that word — broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mercutio. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo;

now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Benvolio. Stop there, stop there!

Mercutio. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Benvolio. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mercutio. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Romeo. Here's goodly geer!

Enter NURSE and PETER.

Mercutio. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Benvolio. Two, two! a shirt, and a smock!

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter!

Mercutio. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen!

Mercutio. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman!

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mercutio. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Romeo. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said! — For himself to mar, quoth'a? — Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Romeo. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mercutio. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Benvolio. She will indite him to some supper.

Mercutio. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Romeo. What hast thou found?

Mercutio. No hare, sir! unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent. —

Romeo, will you come to your father's? w'e'll to dinner thither.

Romeo. I will follow you.

Mercutio. Farewell, ancient lady! farewell, lady, lady, lady! [Exeunt *Mercutio* and *Benvolio*.

Nurse. Marry, farewell! — I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Romeo. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier, than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. — And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you! I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! — Pray you, sir, a word! and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young: and therefore, if you should deal double with

her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Romeo. Nurse, commend me thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee, —

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, — that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Romeo. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell,
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir! not a penny!

Romeo. Go to! I say, you shall!

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Romeo. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a trackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convey in the secret night.

Farewell! — Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains,
Farewell! — Commend me to thy mistress!

Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee! — Hark
you, sir!

Romeo. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say —
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Romeo. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir! my mistress is the sweetest lady —
Lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing, — O,
— there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would
fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve
see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her
sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man;
but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale,
as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary
and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Romeo. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Romeo. Commend me to thy lady! [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times! — Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before! [Exeunt,

SCENE V. — CAPULET'S garden.

Enter JULIET.

Juliet. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him: — that's not so. —

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, — yet the is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion, as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes! — O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away!

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate! [Exit Peter.

Juliet. Now, good sweet nurse, — O lord! why
look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face,

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while; —
Fye, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Juliet. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news;
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! — good, good nurse,
speak!

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Juliet. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me — that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer, than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;
though his face be better, than any man's, yet his leg
excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a
body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they
are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, —
but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. — Go thy
ways, wench! serve God! — What, have you dined
at home?

Juliet. No, no! But all this did I know before:
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other side, — O, my back, my back! —
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Juliet. Ifaith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous. — Where is your mother?

Juliet. Where is my mother? — why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st!

Your love says like an honest gentleman. —

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Juliet. Here's such a coil; — come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Juliet. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell!

Juliet. Hie to high fortune! — honest nurse, farewell!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — *Friar LAURENCE'S cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Friar. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Romeo. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Friar. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady! — O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
 A lover may bestride the gossomers,
 That idle in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Juliet. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Romeo. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
 Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet. Conceit, more rich in matter, than in words,
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
 They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
 But my true love is grown to such excess,
 I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Friar. Come, come with me, and we will make short
 work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
 Till holy church incorporate two in one! *[Exeunt.]*

A C T III.

SCENE I. — *A public place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Benvolio. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire!
 The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
 And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
 For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mercutio. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
 when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his
 sword upon the table, and says: *God send me no need
 of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup,
 draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no
 need.

Benvolio. Am I like such a fellow?

Mercutio. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Benvolio. And what to?

Mercutio. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his heard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wackened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Benvolio. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mercutio. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

Benvolio. By my head, here come the Capulets!

Mercutio. By my heel, I care not!

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. —
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mercutio. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tybalt. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mercutio. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tybalt. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

Mercutio. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Benvolio. We talk here in the public haunt of men :
 Either withdraw into some private place ,
 Or reason coldly of your grievances ,
 Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mercutio. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
 gaze ;
 I will not budge for no man's pleasure , I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tybalt. Well, peace be with you, sir ! here comes
 my man.

Mercutio. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your
 livery :

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;
 Your worship, in that sense, may call him — man.

Tybalt. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
 No better term than this — Thou art a villain !

Romeo. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee,
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
 To such a greeting ; — villain am I none ;
 Therefore farewell ! I see, thou know'st me not.

Tybalt. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries,
 That thou hast done me ; therefore turn and draw !

Romeo. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
 But love thee better, than thou canst devise,
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
 And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
 As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mercutio. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
A la stoccata carries it away. — [Draws.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tybalt. What would'st thou have with me ?

Mercutio. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of
 your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and,
 as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
 eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by
 the ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your ears
 ere it be out.

Tybalt. I am for you ! [Drawing.

Romeo. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up !

Mercutio. Come, sir, your passado ! [They fight.

Romeo. Draw, Benvolio!
Beat down their weapons! — Gentlemen, for shame,
Forbear this outrage; — Tybalt — Mercutio —
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets! — hold, Tybalt! — good Mercutio!
[*Exeunt Tybalt and his Partizans.*

Mercutio. I am hurt; —
A plague o' both the houses! — I am sped! —
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Benvolio. What, art thou hurt?

Mercutio. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch! marry, 'tis
enough. —
Where is my page? — Go, villain, fetch a surgeon!
[*Exit Page.*

Romeo. Courage, man! the hurt cannot be much.

Mercutio. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide
as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am
peppered, I warrant, for this world. — A plague o'
both your houses! — 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse,
a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue,
a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! — Why
the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your
arm.

Romeo. I thought all for the best.

Mercutio. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
O I shall faint! — A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me;
I have it, and soundly too. — Your houses!
[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Romeo. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman: — O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Benvolio. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Romeo. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Benvolio. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Romeo. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! —
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him!

Tybalt. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
Shalt with him hence!

Romeo. This shall determine that!

[They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Benvolio. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizen are up, and Tybalt slain! —
Stand not amaz'd: — the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence! — begone! — away!

Romeo. O! I am fortune's fool!

Benvolio. Why dost thou stay? *[Exit Romeo.]*

Enter Citizens, etc.

1 *Citizen.* Which way run he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Benvolio. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Citizen.* Up, sir, go with!
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey!

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their
Wives, and Others.*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Benvolio. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady Capulet. Tybalt, my cousin! — O my brother's child!

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman! — Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. —
O cousin, cousin!

Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Benvolio. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay;

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: — all this — uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd, —
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter, than his
tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An evious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Lady Capulet. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in his black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Montague. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prince. And, for that offence,
Immediately wo do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood, for your rude brawls, doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A room in CAPULET'S house.*

Enter JULIET.

Juliet. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately. —
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen! —
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, gown'd bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night! — Come, Romeo! come, thou day in
night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back. —
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
 Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun. —
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news: and every tongue that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence. —
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,
 That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords! *[Throws them down.]*

Juliet. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy
 hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
 We are undone, lady, we are undone! —
 Alack the day! — he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Juliet. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
 Though heaven cannot: — O Romeo! Romeo!
 Who ever would have thought it? — Romeo!

Juliet. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus!
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
 And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more,
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
 I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
 If he be slain, say — *I*; or if not, no:
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, —

God save the mark! — here on his manly breast:
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,
 All in gore blood; — I swooned at the sight.

Juliet. O break, my heart! — poor bankrupt break
 at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
 O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman!
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Juliet. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
 Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord? —
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
 Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Juliet. O God! — did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did! alas the day! it did!

Juliet. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravering lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned saint, an honourable villain! —
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. —
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo!

Juliet. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
 cousin?

Juliet. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
 name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
 All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then,
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
 But, O! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished;
 That — *banished*, that one word — *banished*,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or, — if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs, —
 Why follow'd not, when she said — Tybalt's dead,
 Thy father, or thy mother, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished, — to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead. — *Romeo is banished*, —
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound! —
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse :
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Juliet. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall
be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords! — Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd;
He made you for a highway to my bed:
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords! come, nurse! I'll to my wedding bed!
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo
To comfort you! — I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Juliet. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Friar LAURENCE's cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Friar. Romeo, come forth! come forth, thou fearful
man!

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Romeo. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Friar. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Romeo. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Friar. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Romeo. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say — death!
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say — banishment.

Friar. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Romeo. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death: — then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death — banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Friar. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Romeo. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. — More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But — banished — to kill me: banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell!
Howlings attend it! How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word — banishment?

Friar. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word!

Romeo. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment!

Friar. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Romeo. Yet banished? — hang up philosophy!
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more!

Friar. O, then I see, that madmen have no ears.

Romeo. How should they, when that wise men have
 no eyes?

Friar. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Romeo. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Friar. Arise! one knocks! good Romeo, hide thyself!

[*Knocking within.*]

Romeo. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
 Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*]

Friar. Hark, how they knock! — Who's there? —
 Romeo, arise!

Thou wilt be taken! — stay a while! — stand up!

[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study! — By and by: — God's will!
 What wilfulness is this? — I come, I come! [*Knocking.*]
 Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
 will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
 my errand;
 I come from lady Juliet.

Friar. Welcome then!

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
 Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Friar. There on the ground, with his own tears made
 drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
 Just in her case!

Friar. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. —
Stand up, stand up! stand, an you be a man!
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand!
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Romeo. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! Ah sir! — Well, death's the end of all!

Romeo. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Romeo. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. — O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. *[Drawing his sword.]*

Friar. Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.

Fy, fy! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form a wax,
Disgressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love, which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too.
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile: there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. —
Go before, nurse! commend me to thy lady!
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O, Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel. O, what learning is! —
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Romeo. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bade me give you, sir!
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late! [*Exit Nurse.*]

Romeo. Now well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Friar. Go hence! Good night! and here stands all
your state; —

Either begone before the watch be set;
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence;
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that changes here:
Give me thy hand! 'tis late: farewell! good night!

Romeo. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.
Farewell!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A room in CAPULET'S house.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Capulet. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly.
And so did I. — Well, we were born to die. —
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night;
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Paris. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night! commend me to your daughter!

Lady Capulet. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Capulet. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next —
But, soft! what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my lord!

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O'Thursday let it be; — o'Thursday, tell her,
 She shall be married to this noble earl: —
 Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
 We'll keep no great ado; — a friend, or two: —
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held it carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Capulet. Well, get you gone! — O'Thursday be it then! —

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. —
 Farewell, my lord! — Light to my chamber, ho!
 Afore me, it is so very late, that we
 May call it early by and by. — Good night! [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — JULIET'S chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Juliet. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
 It is some meteor, that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go; —
Come, death, welcome! Juliet wills it so. —
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with hunts-up to the day.
O, now be gone! more light and light it grows.

Romeo. More light and light? — more dark and dark
our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Juliet. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about! *[Exit Nurse.]*

Juliet. Then, window, let day in, and let life out!

Romeo. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend!

[Romeo descends.]

Juliet. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my
friend!

I must hear from thee every day i'the hour,
For in a minute there are many days!

O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Romeo. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Juliet. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Romeo. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :
 Either my eyesight fails , or thou look'st pale.

Romeo. And trust me , love , in my eye so do you :
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu ! adieu !

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Juliet. O fortune , fortune ! all men call thee fickle :
 If thou art fickle , what dost thou with him ,
 That is renown'd for faith ? Be fickle , fortune !
 For then I hope , thou wilt not keep him long ,
 But send him back.

Lady Capulet. [*Within.*] Ho , daughter ! are you up ?

Juliet. Who is't that calls ? is it my lady mother ?
 Is she not down so late , or up so early ?
 What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither ?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

Lady Capulet. Wy , how now , Juliet ?

Juliet. Madam , I am not well.

Lady Capulet. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
 death ?

What , wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears ?
 An if thou could'st , thou could'st not make him live ;
 Therefore , have done ! Some grief shows much of love ;
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Juliet. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss !

Lady Capulet. So shall you feel the loss , but not the
 friend ,

Which you weep for.

Juliet. Feeling so the loss ,
 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady Capulet. Well , girl , thou weep'st not so much
 for his death ,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Juliet. What villain , madam ?

Lady Capulet. That same villain , Romeo.

Juliet. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
 God pardon him ! I do , with all my heart ;
 And yet , no man , like he , doth grieve my heart.

Lady Capulet. That is , because the traitor murderer
 lives.

Juliet. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

Lady Capulet. We will have vengeance for it, fear
thou not!

Then weep no more! I'll send to one in Mantua, —
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, —
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Juliet. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: —
Madam, if you could but find out a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. — O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, — and cannot come to him, —
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

Lady Capulet. Find thou the means, and I'll find such
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl!

Juliet. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

Lady Capulet. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child!

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Juliet. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

Lady Capulet. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Juliet. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. — These are news indeed!

Lady Capulet. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Capulet. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright. —

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, — raging with thy tears, and they with them, —
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

Lady Capulet. Ay, sir! but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Capulet. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife!

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Juliet. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you
have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Capulet. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is
this?

Proud, — and, I thank you, — and, I thank you not; —
And yet not proud. — Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To do with Paris to Saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, boy baggage!
 You tallow-face!

Lady Capulet. Fye, fye! what, are you mad?

Juliet. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word!

Capulet. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
 wretch!

I tell thee what, — get thee to church o'Thursday,
 Or never after look me in the face!
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me!
 My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd.
 That God had sent us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her:
 Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord; to rate her so.

Capulet. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
 Good prudence! smatter with your gossips, go!

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Capulet. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Capulet. Peace, you mumbling fool!
 Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
 For here we need it not.

Lady Capulet. You are too hot.

Capulet. God's bread! it makes me mad! Day, night,
 late, early,
 At home, abroad, alone, in company,
 Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd: and having now provided
 A gentleman of princely parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man, —
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer — *I'll not wed, — I cannot love,*
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me! —

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise!
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good!
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Juliet. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument, where Tybalt lies.

Lady Capulet. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Juliet. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? — comfort me, counsel me! —
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself! —
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse!

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished: and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excells your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here, and you no use of him.

Juliet. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Juliet. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Juliet. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will! and this is wisely done. *[Exit.]*

Juliet. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin — to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? — Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. —
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. *[Exit.]*

A C T IV.

SCENE I. — *Friar LAURENCE'S cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Friar. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Paris. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Friar. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Paris. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Friar. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
 Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell. [*Aside.*]

Enter JULIET.

Paris. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Juliet. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Paris. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Juliet. What must be shall be.

Friar. That's a certain text.

Paris. Come you to make confession to this father?

Juliet. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Paris. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Juliet. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Paris. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Juliet. If I do so, it will be of more price,
 Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Paris. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Juliet. The tears have got small victory by that;
 For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Paris. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
 report.

Juliet. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
 And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Paris. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Juliet. It may be so, for it is not mine own. —
 Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
 Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Friar. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now. —
 My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Paris. God shield, I should disturb devotion! —
Juliet. on Thursday early will I rouse you;
 Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit PARIS.*]

Juliet. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
 Come weep with me! Past hope, past cure, past help!

Friar. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
 It strains me past the compass of my wits:
 I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
 On Thursday next be married to this county.

Juliet. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
 Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
 If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
 Do thou but call my resolution wise,
 And with this knife I'll help it presently.
 God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Friar. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution,
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Juliet. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk,
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Friar. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris! Wednesday is to-morrow;
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
 Then (as the manner of our country is,)
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;
 If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Juliet. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear!

Friar. Hold! get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve! I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Juliet. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
 help afford!

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A room in CAPULET'S house.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse and Servants.

Capulet. So many guests invite as here are writ. —
[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks!

2 Servant. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Capulet. How canst thou try them so?

2 Servant. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers; therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Capulet. Go, begone! — [Exit Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. —

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Capulet. Well, he may chance to do some good on her: A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Capulet. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?

Juliet. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon. — Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Capulet. Send for the county; go tell him of this; I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Juliet. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Capulet. Why, I am glad on't; this is well, — stand up! This is as't should be. — Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither! —
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Juliet. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

Lady Capulet. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Capulet. Go, nurse, go with her! — we'll to church to-morrow. *[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]*

Lady Capulet. We shall be short in our provision; 'Tis now near night.

Capulet. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife!
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her!
I'll not to bed to-night! — let me alone!
I'll play the housewife for this once. — What, ho! —
They are all forth! Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — JULIET'S chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Juliet. Ay, those attires are best! — But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

Lady Capulet. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Juliet. No, madam! we have cull'd such necessaries,
As are behoved for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

Lady Capulet. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest! for thou hast need!

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Juliet. Farewell! — God knows, when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me; —
Nurse! — What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —
Come, phial! —

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county? —
No, no! — this shall forbid it! — lie thou there! —

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought. —
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred year, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking, — what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; —
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point: — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee!

[She throws herself upon the bed.]

SCENE IV. — CAPULET'S hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

Lady Capulet. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
 spices, nurse!

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Capulet. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
 crow'd,
 The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: —
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go!
 Get you to bed! 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow,
 For this night's watching.

Capulet. No, not a whit! What! I have watch'd ere now
 All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady Capulet. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
 time:
 But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Capulet. A jealous hood, a jealous-hood! — Now,
 fellow,
 What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 Servant. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
 what.

Capulet. Make haste, make haste! *[Exit 1 Servant.]* —
 Sirrah, fetch drier logs!

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Servant. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
 And never trouble Peter for the matter. *[Exit.]*

Capulet. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson! ha
Thou shalt be logger-head! — Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight, [*Music within.*
For so he said he would. I hear him near: —
Nurse! — Wife! — what, ho! — what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up!
I'll go and chat with Paris. — Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. — JULIET'S chamber; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! — what, mistress! — Juliet! — fast,
I warrant her, she: —
Why, lamb! — why, lady! — fye, you slug-a-bed! —
Why, love, I say! — madam! — sweet-heart! — why,
bride!

What, not a word? — you take your penny worths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. — God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her: — Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith! — Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. — Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas! — Help! help! my lady's dead! —
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! —
Some aqua-vitae, ho! — my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

Lady Capulet. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady Capulet. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

Lady Capulet. O me, O me! — my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! —
Help, help! — call help!

Enter CAPULET.

Capulet. For shame, bring Juliet forth! her lord is come!

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead! alack the day!

Lady Capulet. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

Capulet. Ha! let me see her! — Out, alas! she's cold! Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff; Life and these lips have long been separated: Death lies on her, like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady Capulet. O woful time!

Capulet. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Friar. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Capulet. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride! — See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all! life leaving, all is death's!

Paris. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady Capulet. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe, O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this!

O woful day, O woful day!

Paris. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown! —

O love! O life! — not life, but love in death!

Capulet. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd! —

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now

To murder murder our solemnity? —

O child! O child! — my soul, and not my child! —

Dead art thou, dead! — alack! my child is dead!

And with my child, my joys are buried!

Friar. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death;

But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was — her promotion;

For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd:

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married, that lives married long;

But she's best married, that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Capulet. All things, that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

Friar. Sir, go you in, — and madam, go with him! —

And go, sir Paris! every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar*

1 *Musician*. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up!
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case!

[*Exit Nurse.*

1 *Musician*. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Musicians, O musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease!* O, an you will have me live, play — *heart's ease!*

1 *Musician*. Why *heart's ease*?

Peter. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays —
My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry dump,
to comfort me.

2 *Musician*. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

2 *Musician*. No.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Musician*. What will you give us?

Peter. No money, on my faith; but the gleek; I will
give you the minstrel.

1 *Musician*. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll
fa you. Do you note me?

1 *Musician*. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Musician*. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put
out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit; I will drybeat
you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. —
Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, *silver sound*? why, *music with her silver sound*?
What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Musician*. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Musician*. I say — *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Musician*. Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is — *music with her silver sound*, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding: —

Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit singing.*]

1 *Musician*. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Musician*. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.]

A C T V.

SCENE I. — Mantua. A street.

Enter ROMEO.

Romeo. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona! — How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?

How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balthasar. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir!

Romeo. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! —
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night!

Balthasar. Pardon me, sir! I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Romeo. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balthasar. No, my good lord!

Romeo. No matter; get the gone!
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night!
Let's see for means! — O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabout he dwells — whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said —
An if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. —
What; ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Apothecary. Who calls so loud?

Romeo. Come hither, man! — I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apothecary. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Romeo. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apothecary. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Romeo. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apothecary. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Romeo. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell! buy food, and get thyself in flesh!
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Friar LAURENCE'S cell.**Enter Friar JOHN.**John.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!*Enter Friar LAURENCE.**Laurence.* This same should be the voice of friar John.
Welcome from Mantua! What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.*John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.*Laurence.* Who bore my letter then to Romeo?*John.* I could not send it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.*Laurence.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence!
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.]*Laurence.* Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.]SCENE III. — *A churchyard; in it, a monument
belonging to the CAPULETS.**Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.**Paris.* Give me thy torch, boy! Hence, and stand aloof! —

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
 Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,) —
 But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go!

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
 Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

Paris. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
 bed: [Retires.]

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
 The perfect model of eternity;
 Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
 Accept this latest favour at my hands;
 That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
 With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[The boy whistles.]
 The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies; and true love's rites?
 What, with a torch! muffle me, night, a while!

[Retires.]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock, etc.

Romeo. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
 iron.

Hold, take this letter! early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light! Upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death,
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring: a ring, that I must use
 In dear employment; therefore hence, be gone! —
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
 The time and my intents are savage-wild;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Balthasar. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Romeo. So shalt thou show me friendship. — Take thou that!

Live, and be prosperous! and farewell, good fellow!

Balthasar. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.]

Romeo. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Paris. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
 That murder'd my love's cousin; — with which grief,
 It is supposed, the fair creature died, —
 And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. —

[Advances.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die!

Romeo. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither. —
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
 Fly hence and leave me! — think upon these gone;
 Let them affright thee! — I beseech thee, youth,
 Heap not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury! — O, be gone!
 By heaven, I love thee better, than myself!
 For I come hither arm'd against myself!
 Stay not, be gone! — live, and hereafter say —
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Paris. I do defy thy conjurations,
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Romeo. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy! *[They fight.]*

Page. O lord! they fight! I will go call the watch.

[Exit Page.]

Paris. O, I am slain! *[Falls.]* — If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

Romeo. In faith I will. — Let me peruse this face; —
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris! —
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? — O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave, —
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd!

[Laying Paris in the monument.]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? — O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his, that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! — Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps



Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again; here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh. — Eyes, look your
 last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death! —
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love! — [*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick! — Thus with a kiss I die! [*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar LAURENCE,
 with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Friar. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves! — Who's there?
 Who is it, that consorts, so late, the dead?

Balthasar. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
 you well.

Friar. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Balthasar. It doth so, holy sir! and there's my
 master,
 One that you love.

Friar. Who is it?

Balthasar. Romeo.

Friar. How long hath he been there?

Balthasar. Full half an hour.

Friar. Go with me to the vault.

Balthasar. I dare not, sir!

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

Friar. Stay then, I'll go alone! — Fear comes upon me!
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing!

Balthasar. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Friar. Romeo? — [Advances.]
Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? —
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[Enters the monument.]
Romeo! O, pale! — Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? — Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs. [Julie wakes and stirs.]

Juliet. O, comfortable friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo? [Noise within.]

Friar. I hear some noise. — Lady, come from that
nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power, than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away!
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns!
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet! — [Noise again.] I dare stay
no longer. [Exit.]

Juliet. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away! —
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end: —
O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after? — I will kiss thy lips:
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]
Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy! — Which way?

Juliet. Yea, noise? — then I'll be brief. — O happy
dagger! [Snatching Romeo's dagger.]

This is thy sheath! [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and let
me die! [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*
Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth
burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody: search about the
churchyard:

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach!

[*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain; —
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried. —
Go, tell the prince, — run to the Capulets, —
Raise up the Montagues, — some others search; —

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the
churchyard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come
hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and
weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion. Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.

Capulet. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

Lady Capulet. The people in the street cry — Romeo,
Some — Juliet, and some — Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes!

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Capulet. O, heavens! — O wife! look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague, —
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

Lady Capulet. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE, and Others.

Prince. Come Montague! for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Montague. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night:
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Montague. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Friar. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in
this.

Friar. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You — to remove that siege of grief from her —
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris. — Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect,
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man. —
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Balthasar. I brought my master news of Juliet's
death;

And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it. —
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch? —
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

The course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes — that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. —
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague! —
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: — all are punish'd.

Capulet. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand!
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Montague. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Capulet. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

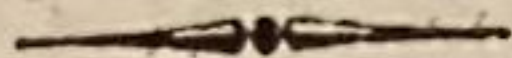
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things!

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished!

For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo!

[*Exeunt.*]



A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



Persons of the Drama.

THESEUS, *duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, }
DEMETRIUS, } *in love with Hermia.*

PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*

QUINCE, *the carpenter.*

SNUG, *the joiner.*

BOTTOM, *the weaver.*

FLUTE, *the bellows-mender.*

SNOUT, *the tinker.*

STARVELING, *the tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*

TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*

PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, *a fairy.*

PEAS-BLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARD-SEED, }
 } *fairies.*

Pyramus,
Thisbe,
Wall,
Moonshine,
Lion, }
 } *characters in the interlude performed by
 the clowns.*

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood not far from it.*

A C T I.

SCENE I. — *Athens. A room in the palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

Theseus. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hippolyta. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
 nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

Theseus. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals!
The pale companion is not for our pomp. —

[Exit Philostrate.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Egeus. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

Theseus. Thanks, good Egeus! What's the news with
 thee?

Egeus. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia. —
Stand forth, Demetrius! — My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her: —
Stand forth, Lysander! — and, my gracious duke,

This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child. —
 Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
 Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
 With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
 And stolen the impression of her fantasy
 With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
 Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
 Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth!
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
 Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
 To stubborn harshness: — and, my gracious duke,
 Be it so she will not here before your grace
 Consent to marry with Demetrius,
 I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
 Which shall be either to this gentleman,
 Or to her death; according to our law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

Theseus. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid!
 To you your father should be as a god;
 One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
 To whom you are but as a form in wax,
 By him imprinted, and within his power
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
 Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Hermia. So is Lysander.

Theseus. In himself he is:
 But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
 The other must be held the worthier.

Hermia. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

Theseus. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Hermia. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
 I know not, by what power I am made bold;
 Nor how it may concern my modesty,
 In such a presence here to plead my thoughts:
 But I beseech your grace, that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

Theseus. Either to die the death, or to abjure

For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
 You can endure the livery of a nun;
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
 Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
 But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Hermia. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
 Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
 Unto his lordship, whose unwished yoke
 My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

Theseus. Take time to pause: and, by the next new
 moon,
 (The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlasting bond of fellowship,)
 Upon that day either prepare to die,
 For disobedience to your father's will;
 Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would;
 Or on Diana's altar to protest,
 For aye, austerity and single life.

Demetrius. Relent, sweet Hermia! — And, Lysander,
 yield
 Thy crazed title to my certain right!

Lysander. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
 Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love;
 And what is mine, my love shall render him;
 And she is mine; and all my right of her
 I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lysander. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
 As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
 My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
 If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
 And, which is more than all these boasts can be,

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
 Why should not I then prosecute my right?
 Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
 Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
 And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
 Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
 Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

Theseus. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
 And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
 But, being over-full of self-affairs,
 My mind did lose it. — But, Demetrius, come;
 And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
 I have some private schooling for you both. —
 For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
 To fit your fancies to your father's will;
 Or else the law of Athens yields you up
 (Which by no means we may extenuate,)
 To death, or to a vow of single life. —
 Come, my Hippolita; what cheer, my love? —
 Demetrius and Egeus, go along;
 I must employ you in some bussiness
 Against our nuptial, and confer with you
 Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Egeus. With duty and desire we follow you.

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, Demetrius, and train.*]

Lysander. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
 so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Hermia. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
 Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lysander. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth:
 But, either it was different in blood; —

Hermia. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lysander. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years; —

Hermia. O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

Lysander. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends: —

Hermia. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lysander. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow: short as any dream;
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say, — Behold!
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

Hermia. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
 Is stands as an edict in destiny:
 Then let us teach our trial patience,
 Because it is a customary cross;
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
 Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lysander. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
 Hermia!

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
 Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
 From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
 And she respects me as her only son.
 There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
 And to that place the sharp Athenian law
 Cannot pursue us; if thou lov'st me then,
 Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
 And in the wood, a league without the town,
 Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
 To do observance to a morn of May,
 There will I stay for thee.

Hermia. My good Lysander!
 I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head,
 By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,
 And by that fire, which burn'd the Carthage queen,
 When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke:—
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lysander. Keep promise, love! Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Hermia. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Helena. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O, happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!
Your's would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart!

Hermia. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Helena. O, that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Hermia. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Helena. O, that my prayers could such affection move!

Hermia. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Helena. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Hermia. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Helena. None, but your beauty; 'would that fault were
mine!

Hermia. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place. —
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell!

Lysander. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Hermia. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
 Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
 There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
 And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
 To seek new friends and stranger companies.
 Farewell, sweet playfellow; pray thou for us,
 And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius! —
 Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight
 From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Hermia.*]

Lysander. I will, my Hermia. — Helena, adieu:
 As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit Lysander.*]

Helena. How happy some, o'er other some can be!
 Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
 But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
 He will not know, what all but he do know.
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities.
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
 Wings and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
 For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
 He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
 Pursue her: and for this intelligence,
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither, and back again.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *The same. A room in a cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, QUINCE, and
STARVELING.

Quince. Is all our company here?

Bottom. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quince. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night

Bottom. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quince. Marry, our play is — The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bottom. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. — Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll! — Masters, spread yourselves!

Quince. Answer as I call you. — Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bottom. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bottom. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quince. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bottom. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: — yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

»The raging rocks,
»With shivering shocks,
»Shall break the locks
»Of prison gates:

»And Phibbus' car
»Shall shine from far,
»And make and mar
»The foolish fates.«

This was lofty! — Now name the rest of the players! — This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quince. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quince. It is the lady, that Pyramus must love.

Flute. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quince. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small, as you will.

Bottom. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too; I'll speak in a monstrous little voice; — *Thisne, Thisne, — Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!*

Quince. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bottom. Well, proceed!

Quince. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Starveling. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. — Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quince. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; — Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part: — and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quince. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bottom. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again!*

Quince. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bottom. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright

the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quince. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bottom. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quince. Why, what you will.

Bottom. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

Quince. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced. — But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bottom. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains: be perfect; adieu.

Quince. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bottom. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I. — *A wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,
 Over park, over pale,
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,
 I do wander every where,
 Swifter than the moone's sphere;
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her orbs upon the green:
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see;
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours:
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;
 Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
 Take heed, the queen come not within his sight!
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
 She never had so sweet a changeling:
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy;
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her
 joy;

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
 But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fairy. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Good-fellow: are you not he,
 That fright the maidens of the villagery,
 Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,
 And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
 Misdread night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,

You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there. —
But room, Færy, here comes Oberon.

Fairy. And here my mistress: — 'would that he were
gone!

SCENE II.

*Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train, and TITANIA,
at another, with hers.*

Oberon. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania!

Titania. What, jealous Oberon! Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Oberon. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy lord?

Titania. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know,
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love,
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Oberon. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night,
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Aegle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Titania. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field;
The crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:—
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,

By their increase, now knows not, which is which :
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissention ;
 We are their parents and original.

Oberon. Do you amend it then ; it lies in you !
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon ?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my benchman.

Titania. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order :
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood ;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind :
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 (Following her womb, then rich with my young squire,)
 Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die ;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up the boy ;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Oberon. How long within this wood intend you stay ?

Titania. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day !
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us ;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Oberon. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Titania. Not for thy kingdom. — Fairies, away !
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Titania, and her train.*]

Oberon. Well, go thy way ! thou shalt not from this
 grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury. —
 My gentle Puck, come hither ! Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Oberon. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid allarm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I, where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower, —
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound, —
And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower, the herb I show'd thee once!
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can swim a league!

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[*Exit Puck.*]

Oberon. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania, when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me. —
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Demetrius. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not!
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more!

Helena. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel! Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you!

Demetrius. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you — I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Helena. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you!
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used, as you use your dog?

Demetrius. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Helena. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Demetrius. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one, that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Helena. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Demetrius. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Helena. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Demetrius. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood!

Helena. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fye, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Helena.*]

Oberon. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love. —

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer!

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Oberon. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;

But do it, when the next thing he espies
 May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
 By the Athenian garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond on her, than she upon her love:
 And look, thou meet me ere the first cock crow!

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Another part of the wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Titania. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song!
 Then, for the third part of a minute, hence!
 Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
 At our quaint spirits! Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest!

SONG.

1 *Fairy.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
 Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
 Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby:
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fairy.* Weaving spiders, come not here!
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near!
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence!

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, etc.

1 *Fairy*. Hence, away! now all is well:
One, aloof, stand centinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Oberon. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*

Do it for thy true love take;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. }

[*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lysander. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Hermia. Be it so, *Lysander*: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lysander. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Hermia. Nay, good *Lysander*; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie so near.

Lysander. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.

I mean, that my heart unto your's is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, *Hermia*, I do not lie.

Hermia. *Lysander* riddles very prettily. —
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,

Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
 So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
 Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lysander. Amen, amen to that fair prayer say I;
 And then end life, when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Hermia. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
 But Athenian found I none,
 On whose eyes I might approve
 This flower's force in stirring love.
 Night and silence! who is here?
 Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
 This is he, my master said,
 Despised the Athenian maid;
 And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
 On the dank and dirty ground.
 Pretty soul! she durst not lie
 Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
 Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
 All the power this charm doth owe:
 When thou wak'st, let love forbid
 Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
 So awake, when I am gone;
 For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Helena. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius!

Demetrius. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me
 thus!

Helena. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Demetrius. Stay, on thy peril! I alone will go.

[*Exit Demetrius.*]

Helena. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
 The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
 Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:

If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
 For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
 Therefore, no marvel; though Demetrius!
 Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus!
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne? —
 But who is here? — Lysander! on the ground!
 Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound: —
 Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake!

Lysander. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet
 sake, [*Waking.*

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
 That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
 Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Helena. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so!
 What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?
 Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content!

Lysander. Content with Hermia? No! I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
 And reason says, you are the worthier maid.
 Things growing are not ripe until their season:
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
 And touching now the point of human skill,
 Reason becomes the marshall to my will,
 And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
 Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Helena. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
 When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
 Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
 That I did never, no, nor never can,
 Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
 But you must flout my insufficiency?
 Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
 In such disdainful manner me to woo.
 But fare you well: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
 O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
 Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit.

Lysander. She sees not Hermia: — Hermia, sleep
 thou there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!
 For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
 The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
 Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
 Are hated most of those, they did deceive;
 So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
 Of all be hated; but the most of me!
 And all my powers, address your love and might,
 To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [Exit.

Hermia. [Starting.] Help me, Lysander, help me! do
 thy best,
 To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
 Ah me, for pity! — what a dream was here!
 Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear!
 Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
 And you sat smiling at his cruel prey: —
 Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
 What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
 Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
 Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear!
 No? — then I well perceive you are not nigh:
 Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.

A C T III.

SCENE I. — *The same. The Queen of Fairies lying
 asleep.*

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
 STARVELING.*

Bottom. Are we all met?

Quince. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient
 place for your rehearsal. This green plot shall be our

stage, this hawthorn brake our tyring house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bottom. Peter Quince, —

Quince. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bottom. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that.

Snout. By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.

Starveling. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bottom. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quince. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bottom. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Starveling. I fear it, I promise you.

Bottom. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bottom. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are. And there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quince. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bottom. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine!

Quince. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bottom. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quince. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. — What say you, Bottom?

Bottom. Some man or other must present the wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quince. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts! Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quince. Speak, Pyramus! — Thisby, stand forth!

Pyramus. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,* —

Quince. Odours, odours!

Pyramus. — *odours savours sweet;*

*So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear. —
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear.* [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!
[Aside. — Exit.

Thisbe. Must I speak now?

Quince. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Thisbe. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lilye-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

Quince. Ninus tomb, man! Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

Thisbe. O, — *As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Pyramus. *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine: —*

Quince. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [Exeunt Clowns.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through
brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.

Bottom. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O, Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bottom. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bottom. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange tawney bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;

Titania. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed? [*Waking.*

Bottom. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry *cuckoo* never so?

Titania. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again!
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bottom. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bottom. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Titania. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit, of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee : therefore , go with me ;
 I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee ;
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep ,
 And sing , while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep ;
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so ,
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go. —
 Peas-blossom ! Cobweb ! Moth ! and Mustard-seed !

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fairy.* Ready.

2 *Fairy.* And I.

3 *Fairy.* And I.

4 *Fairy.* Where shall we go ?

Titania. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
 Hop in his walks , and gambol in his eyes ;
 Feed him with apricocks , and dewberries ,
 With purple grapes , green figs , and mulberries ;
 The honey bags steal from the humble-bees ,
 And , for night tapers , crop their waxen thighs ,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes ,
 To have my love to bed , and to arise ;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies ,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes :
 Nod to him , elves , and do him courtesies !

1 *Fairy.* Hail , mortal !

2 *Fairy.* Hail !

3 *Fairy.* Hail !

4 *Fairy.* Hail !

Bottom. I cry your worships mercy , heartily. — I beseech , your worship's name.

Cobweb. Cobweb.

Bottom. I shall desire you of more acquaintance , good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger , I shall make bold with you. — Your name , honest gentleman ?

Peas-Blossom. Peas-blossom.

Bottom. I pray you , commend me to Mrs Squash , your mother , and to master Peas-cod , your father. Good master Peas-blossom , I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. — Your name , I beseech you , sir ?

Mustard. Mustard-seed.

Bottom. Good master Mustard-seed , I know your pa-

tience well : that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house : I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Titania. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower!
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
'Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *Another part of the wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Oberon. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what is was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger. — How now, mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great 'Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes: when they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;

And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things
I led them on in this distracted fear, catch.

And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Oberon. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping, — that is finish'd too, —
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Oberon. Stand close ; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Demetrius. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Hermia. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim!

Demetrius. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Hermia. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Demetrius. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Hermia. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?

Henceforth be never number'd among men!

O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;

Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,

And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?

An adder did it; for with doubler tongue

Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Demetrius. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;

Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Hermia. I pray thee, tell me then, that he is well.

Demetrius. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Hermia. A privilege, never to see me more. —
And from thy hated presence part I so:

See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Demetrius. There is no following her in this fierce
vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.

So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow

For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;

Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. [*Lies down.*

Oberon. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

Of thy misprision must perforce ensue

Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Oberon. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:

All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer

With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:

By some illusion see thou bring her here:

I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go,; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[*Exit.*

Oberon. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously,
As the Venus of the sky. —
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee:
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Oberon. Stand aside: the noise, they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lysander. Why should you think, that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Helena. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh: and doth as light, as tales.

Lysander. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Helena. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lysander. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Demetrius. [*Awaking.*] O, Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Helena. O, spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,
With your derision! none, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lysander. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know;
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Helena. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Demetrius. Lysander, keep thy Hermia! I will none:
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lysander. Helen, it is not so.

Demetrius. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear. —
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Hermia. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense:
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lysander. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
to go?

Hermia. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lysander. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena; who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Hermia. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Helena. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel, that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, — O, and is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Hermia. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems, that you scorn me.

Helena. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Hermia. I understand not what you mean by this.

Helena. Ay, do persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lysander. Stay, gentle Helena, hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Helena. O excellent!

Hermia. Sweet, do not scorn her so!

Demetrius. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lysander. Thou canst compel no more, than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
prayers. —

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I swear by that, which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Demetrius. I say, I love thee more, than he can do.

Lysander. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Demetrius. Quick, come —

Hermia. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lysander. Away, you Ethiop!

Demetrius. No, no, sir; — he will
Seem to break loose; toke on, as you would follow;
But yet come not! You are a tame man, go!

Lysander. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,
let loose!

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Hermia. Why are you grown so rude? what change is
this,

Sweet love?

Lysander. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Hermia. Do you not jest?

Helena. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lysander. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Demetrius. I would, I had your bond; for I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lysander. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill
her dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Hermia. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night you lov'd me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me, — O, the gods forbid! —
In earnest, shall I say?

Lysander. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Hermia. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Helena. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Hermia. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive, that she hath made compare
Between our statures, she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him. —
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish; and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak!
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Helena. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me; you, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower, than myself,
That I can match her.

Hermia. Lower! hark, again.

Helena. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me!
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go!
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Hermia. Why, get you gone; who is't that hinders you?

Helena. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Hermia. What, with Lysander?

Helena. With Demetrius.

Lysander. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Demetrius. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Helena. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And, though she be but little: she is fierce.

Hermia. Little again? nothing but low and little? —
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her!

Lysander. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn!

Demetrius. You are too officious
In her behalf, that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Lysander. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try, whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Demetrius. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jole.

[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*]

Hermia. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:
Nay, go not back!

Helena. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
My legs are longer though, to run away. [Exit.]

Hermia. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[Exit, pursuing Helena.]

Oberon. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me, I should know the man

By the Athenian garments, he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Oberon. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear, lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Oberon. But we are spirits of another sort:

I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
 And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
 Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
 Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
 But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay!
 We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Oberon.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
 I will lead them up and down:
 I am fear'd in field and town;
 Goblin, lead them up and down.
 Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lysander. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
 thou now!

Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lysander. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
 To plainer ground. [*Exit Lysander as following the voice.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Demetrius. Lysander! speak again.
 Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
 Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
 Telling the bushes, that thou look'st for wars,
 And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child!
 I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd,
 That draws a sword on thee.

Demetrius. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here.
 [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lysander. He goes before me, and still dares me on;
 When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
 The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
 I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
 That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
 And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
 [*Lies down.*]

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [Sleeps.

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Demetrius. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Demetrius. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy
this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way! — Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed. —
By day's approach look to be visited.

[Lies down and sleeps.

Enter HELENA.

Helena. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these, that my poor company detest! —
And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company! [Sleeps.

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad: —
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Hermia. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers:
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

[Lies down.

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:

I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.]

When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well.
[Exit Puck. — Demetrius, Helena etc. asleep.]

A C T IV.

SCENE I. — *The same.*

*Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending; OBERON
behind unseen.*

Titania. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy!

Bottom. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas-blossom. Ready.

Bottom. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom! — Where's
monsieur Cobweb?

Cobweb. Ready.

Bottom. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a redhipped humble-
bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring
me the honey-bag! Do not fret yourself too much in the
action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the
honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you

over-flown with a honey-bag, signior. — Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Mustard-seed. Ready.

Bottom. Give me your nief, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Mustard-seed. What's your will?

Bottom. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Titania. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bottom. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

Titania. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bottom. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Titania. I have a venturous fairy, that shall seek The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bottom. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Titania. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms. — Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away! — So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle, Gently entwist, — the female ivy so. Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleep.

OBFERON advances. Enter PUCK

Oberon. Welcome, good Robin! See'st thou this sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood.
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;

And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
 And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
 I then did ask of her her changeling child;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
 This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
 From of the head of this Athenian swain;
 That he, awaking, when the other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair;
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[Touching her eyes with an herb.]

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen!

Titania. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
 Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.

Oberon. There lies your love.

Titania. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Oberon. Silence a while!—Robin, take off this head!—
 Titania, music call; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Titania. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's
 eyes peep.

Oberon. Sound, music! *[Still music.]* Come, my queen,
 take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be!

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Oberon. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Titania. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and train.

Theseus. Go, one of you, find out the forester! —
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds. —
Uncouple in the western valley; go: —
Despatch, I say, and find the forester! —
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hippolyta. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,

In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. — But, soft; what nymphs are these?

Egeus. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

Theseus. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity. —
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day,
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my lord.

Thes. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns and shout within. DEMETRIUS, LYSANDER, HERMIA,
and HELENA, wake and start up.

Theseus. Good-morrow, friends! Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lysander. Pardon, my lord.

[*He and the rest kneel to Theseus.*]

Theseus. I pray you all, stand up!
I know, you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lysander. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half 'sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here:
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak, —
And now I do bethink me, so it is;) —
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Egeus. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head. —
They would have stol'n away, they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Demetrius. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;

And I in fury hither follow'd them;
 Fair Helena in fancy following me.
 But, my good lord, I wot not, by what power,
 (But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
 Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
 As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
 And all the faith and virtue of my heart,
 The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia;
 But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste;
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

Theseus. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
 Of this discourse we will hear more anon. —
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And, for the morning now is something worn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside. —
 Away, with us, to Athens! Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast of great solemnity. —
 Come, Hippolyta!

[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.*]

Demetrius. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Hermia. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.

Helena. So methinks:
 And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.

Demetrius. It seems to me,
 That yet we sleep, we dream. — Do not you think,
 The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Hermia. Yea; and my father.

Helena. And Hippolyta.

Lysander. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Demetrius. Why then, we are awake: let's follow him; And, by the way, let us recount our dreams!

[*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bottom. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: — my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*. — Hey, ho! — Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, — past the wit of man to say, what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was — there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had, — but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say, what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen: man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *Athens. A room in Quince's house.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

Quince. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Starveling. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flute. If he come not, then the play is marred; it goes not forward, doth it?

Quince. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flute. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quince. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flute. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged! he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bottom. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quince. Bottom! — O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bottom. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not, what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quince. Let us hear, sweet Bottom!

Bottom. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go away! [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I. — *The same. — An apartment in the palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords and Attendants.

Hippolyta. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

Theseus. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More, than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
On sees more devils, than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imaginations
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hippolyta. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA

Theseus. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!

Lysander. More than to us
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

Thes. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate!

Philostrate. Here, mighty Theseus.

Theseus. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostrate. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first!

[Gives a paper.

Theseus. [reads] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be
sung*

By an Athenian eunuch, to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.

That is some satire, keen, and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.

Merry and Tragical? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philostrate. A play there is, my lord, some ten words
long;

Which is as brief, as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

Theseus. What are they that do play it?

Philostrate. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens
here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now ;
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play , against your nuptial.

Theseus. And we will hear it.

Philostrate. No , my noble lord ,
It is not for you : I have heard it over ,
And it is nothing , nothing in the world ;
Unless you can find sport in their intents ,
Extremely stretch'd , and conn'd with cruel pain ,
To do you service.

Theseus. I will hear that play :
For never any thing can be amiss ,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go , bring them in ; — and take your places , ladies !

[*Exit Philostrate.*

Hippolyta. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-
charg'd.
And duty in his service perishing.

Theseus. Why , gentle sweet , you shall see no such
thing.

Hippolyta. He says , they can do nothing in this kind.

Theseus. The kinder we , to give them thanks for
nothing.

Our sport shall be , to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do ,
Noble respect takes it in might , not merit.
Where I have come , great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale ,
Make periods in the midst of sentences ,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears ,
And , in conclusion , dumbly have broke off ,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me , sweet ,
Out of this silence , yet , I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much , as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love , therefore , and tongue-tied simplicity ,
In least , speak most , to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philostrate. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.

Theseus. Let him approach! [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter Prologue.

Prologue. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then, we come but in despite.

*We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,*

*We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,*

You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Theseus. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lysander. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hippolyta. Indeed he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

Theseus. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

*Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion,
as in dumb show.*

Prologue. »Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show,

»But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

»This man is Pyramus, if you would know;

»This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

»This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

»Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:

»And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

»To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

»This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

»Presenteth moon-shine: for, if you will know,

»By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn,

»To meet a Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

»This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
 »The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
 »Did scare away, or rather did affright:
 »And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
 »Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
 »Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,
 »And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
 »Whereas with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
 »He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;
 »And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
 »His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
 »Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,
 »At large discourse, while here they do remain.«

[*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

Theseus. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Demetrius. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when
many asses do.

Wall. »In this same interlude, it doth befall,
 »That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:
 »And such a wall, as I would have you think,
 »That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
 »Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
 »Did whisper often very secretly.
 »This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
 »That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
 »And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
 »Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.«

Theseus. Would you desire lime and hair to speak
better?

Demetrius. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard
discourse, my lord.

Theseus. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus. »O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so
black!

»O night, which ever art, when day is not!
 »O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
 »I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot! —
 »And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
 »That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;

» Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
 » Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

» Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

» But what see I? No Thisby do I see,

» O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

» Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!«

Theseus. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
 curse again.

Pyramus. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiving me*, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall out as I told you: — Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

Thisbe. » O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

» For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

» My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

» Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.«

Pyramus. » I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

» To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

» Thisby!«

Thisbe. » My love! thou art my love, I think.«

Pyramus. » Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;

» And like Limander am I trusty still.«

Thisbe. » And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.«

Pyramus. » Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.«

Thisbe. » As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.«

Pyramus. » O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.«

Thisbe. » I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.«

Pyramus. » Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straight-
 way?«

Thisbe. » Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.«

Wall. » Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;

» And being done, thus wall away doth go.«

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*]

Theseus. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Demetrius. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

Hippolyta. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

Theseus. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hippolyta. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Theseus. I we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. » You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
» The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
» May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
» When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
» Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
» A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
» For if I should as lion come in strife
» Into this place, 'twere pity on my life. «

Theseus. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Demetrius. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lysander. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

Theseus. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Demetrius. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

Theseus. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moonshine. » This lantern doth the horned moon present. «

Demetrius. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Theseus. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moonshine. » This lantern doth the horned moon present;
» Myself the man i'th' moon do seem to be. «

Theseus. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i'the moon?

Demetrius. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hippolyta. I am weary of this moon: would, he would change!

Theseus. It appears, by his small light of discretion,

that he is in the wane : but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lysander. Proceed, moon!

Moonshine. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Demetrius. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

Thisbe. » This is old Ninny's tomb : where is my love ? «

Lion. » Oh. — « *[The lion roars. — Thisbe runs off.]*

Demetrius. Well roared, lion!

Theseus. Well run, Thisbe!

Hippolyta. Well shone, moon! — Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

Theseus. Well moused, lion!

[The lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.]

Demetrius. And so comes Pyramus.

Lysander. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyram. » Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams ;

» I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright :

» For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams

» I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

» But stay ; — O spite !

» But mark ; — poor knight,

» What dreadful dole is here !

» Eyes, do you see ?

» How can it be ?

» O dainty duck ! O dear !

» Thy mantle good,

» What, stain'd with blood ?

» Approach, ye furies fell !

» O fates ! come, come !

» Cut thread and thrum ;

» Quail, crush, conclude, and quell ! «

Theseus. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hippolyta. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyramus. » O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame ?

»Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear :
 »Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame,
 »That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
 »Come, tears, confound ;
 »Out, sword, and wound
 »The pap of Pyramus :
 »Ay, that left pap,
 »Where heart doth hop : —
 »Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
 »Now am I dead,
 »Now am I fled ;

»My soul is in the sky :
 »Tongue, lose thy light !
 »Moon, take thy flight !
 »Now die, die, die, die, die.« [Dies. — *Exit Moonshine.*
Demetrius. No die, but an ace, for him ; for he it but one.
Lysander. Less than an ace, man ; for he is dead ; he
 is nothing.

Theseus. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hippolyta. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover ?

Theseus. She will find him by star-light. — Here she comes ; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hippolyta. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus : I hope, she will be brief.

Demetrius. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lysander. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Demetrius. And thus she moans, *videlicet.* —

Thisbe. »Asleep, my love ?
 »What, dead, my dove ?
 »O, Pyramus, arise,
 »Speak, speak. Quite dumb ?
 »Dead, dead ? A tomb
 »Must cover thy sweet eyes.
 »These lily brows,
 »This cherry nose,

»These yellow cowslip cheeks,
 »Are gone, are gone:
 »Lovers, make moan!
 »His eyes were green as leeks.
 »O, sisters three,
 »Come, come, to me,
 »With hands as pale as milk;
 »Lay them in gore,
 »Since you have shore
 »With shears his thread of silk.
 »Tongue, not a word: —
 »Come, trusty sword;
 »Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
 »And farewell, friends; —
 »Thus Thisbe ends:
 »Adieu, adieu, adieu!«

[Dies.]

Theseus. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Demetrius. Aye, and wall too.

Bottom. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

Theseus. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone!

[Here a dance of Clowns.]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
 I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
 This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gait of night. — Sweet friends, to bed!
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
 In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their train.

Oberon. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Titania. First, rehearse this song by rote:
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG, AND DANCE.

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;

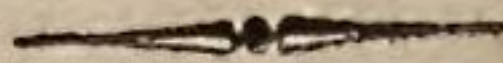
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace:
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

 Trip away;
 Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day!

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend!
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all!
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends,

[Exit.]



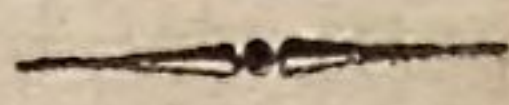
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[*Exit.*]



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